



GOING SOME

A ROMANCE OF STRENUOUS AFFECTION

BY REX BEACH

SUGGESTED BY THE PLAY OF REX BEACH AND PAUL ARMSTRONG

Illustrated By Edgar Bert Smith

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SYNOPSIS.

Cowboys of the Flying Heart ranch are heartbroken over the defeat of their champion in a foot race with the cook of the Centipede ranch. A house party is on at the Flying Heart. J. Wallingford Speed, clever lawyer, and Oliver Covington, inter-collegiate champion runner, are expected. Helen Blake, Speed's sweetheart, suggests to Jean Chapin, sister of the owner of the ranch, that she induce Covington, her lover, to win back the photograph. Helen declares that if Covington won't run, Speed will. The cowboys are hilarious over the prospect. Speed and his valet, Larry Glass, trainer of the cowboys, Speed and Glass put in the time they are supposed to be training playing cards in a secluded spot. The cowboys tell Glass it is up to him to see that Speed wins the race. Willie, the gunman, declares the trainer will be east packed in ice, if Speed falls. A telegram comes from Covington saying he is in jail at Omaha for ten days. Glass in a panic forces Speed to begin training in earnest. The cowboys prepare him a diet of very rare meat. Miss Blake takes a canteen for Speed and is offended when Larry refuses to allow him to eat it. Covington arrives on crutches. He says he broke his toe in Omaha. Mrs. Keap, engaged to Covington and in love with Jack Chapin, declares that if Helen, because Speed had failed to prevent Covington from falling the day before, Speed decides to "trifle" himself, but Skinner, the Centipede runner, appears with a proposition to throw the race. Glass attempts to escape at night, but is captured. Fresno gives Gallagher, the Centipede foreman, \$200 to bet against Speed for him. Helen Blake hears of it and bets \$500 on Speed. Glass recognizes Skinner as a professional runner.

CHAPTER XVII.—Continued.

Instantly a full-lunged roar went up that rolled away to the foothills, and the runners sped out of the pandemonium, their legs twinkling against the dust-colored prairie. Down to the turn they raced. Speed was leading. Fright had acted upon him as an electric charge; his terror lent him wings; he was obsessed by a propelling force outside of himself. Naturally strong, lithe, and active, he likewise possessed within him the white-hot flame of youth, and now, with a nameless fear to spur him on, he ran as any healthy, frightened young animal would run. At the second turn Skinner had not passed him, but the third of his feet was close behind.

This unparalleled phenomenon surprised Lawrence Glass perhaps most of all. Was this a miracle? He turned to Covington, to find him dancing madly, his crutches waving over his head, in his eyes the stars of a maniac. His mouth was distended, and Glass reasoned that he must be shouting violently, but could not be sure. Suddenly Covington dashed to the turn where the runners would be revealed as they covered the last half lap, for nothing was distinguishable through the fence, burdened by human forms, and Larry lumbered after him, ploughing his way through the crowd and colliding with the box upon which stood the Echo Phonograph, of New York and Paris. He hurled Marietta out of his path with brutal disregard, but even before he could



Skinner Had Fallen!

reach his point of vantage the sprinters burst into the homestretch. Larry Glass saw it all at a glance. Speed was weakening, while Skinner was running easily. Nature had done her utmost; she could not work the impossible. As they tore past, Skinner was ahead.

The air above the coral became blackened with hats as if a flock of vultures had wheeled suddenly; the

shriek of triumph that rose from the Centipede ranks warned the trainer that he had tarried too long. Heavily he set off across the prairie for New York.

The memory of that race awakened Speed from his slumbers many times in later years. When he found the brown shoulder of his rival drawing past he realized that for him the end of all things was at hand. And yet, he said to his credit, he held doggedly to his task, and began to fight his waning strength with renewed determination. Down through the noisy crowd he pounded at the heels of his antagonist, then out upon the second lap. But now his fatigue increased rapidly, and as it increased, so did Skinner's lead. At the second turn Wally was hopelessly outdistanced, and began to sob with fury, in anticipation of the last, long, terrible stretch. Back toward the final turn they came, the college man desperately laboring, the cook striding on like a machine. Wally saw the rows of forms standing upon the fence, but of the shouting he heard nothing. Skinner was twenty yards ahead now, and flung a look back over his shoulder. As he turned into the last straightaway he looked back again and grinned triumphantly.

Then—J. Wallingford Speed gasped, and calling upon his uttermost atom of strength, quickened the strides of his leaden legs. Skinner had fallen!

A shriek of exultation came from the Flying Heart followers; it died as the unfortunate man struggled to his feet, and was off again before his opponent had overtaken him. Down the alley of human forms the two came; then as their man drew ahead for an instant or two, such a bedlam broke forth from Gallagher's crew that Lawrence Glass, well started on his overland trip, judged that the end had come.

But Skinner wavered. His ankle turned for a second time; he seemed about to fall once more. Then he righted himself, but he came on hobbling.

The last thirty yards contained the tortures of a lifetime to Wally Speed. His lungs were burning, his head was rolling, every step required a separate and concentrated effort of will. He knew he was wobbling, and felt his knees ready to buckle beneath him, but he saw the blue tight-stretched ribbon just ahead, and continued to lessen the gap between himself and Skinner until he felt he must reach out wildly and grasp at the other man's clothing. Helen's face stood out from the blur, and her lips cried to him. He plunged forward, his outflung arm tore the ribbon from its fastening, and he fell. But Skinner was behind him.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE only thing in the world that the victorious Speed wanted was to lie down and stretch out and allow those glowing coals in his chest to cool off. But his rough hands seized him, and he found himself astride of Stover's shoulders and gyrating about the Echo Phonograph in the midst of a war-dance. He kicked violently with his spiked shoes, whereat the foreman bucked like a wild horse under the spur and dropped him, and he staggered out of the crowd, where a girl flew to him.

"Oh, Wally," she cried, "I knew you could!" He sank to the ground, and she knelt beside him.

Skinner was propped against the coral fence opposite, his face distorted with suffering, and Gallagher was rubbing his ankle.

"Taint broke, I reckon," said Gallagher, rising. "I wish to hell it was!" He stared disgustedly at his fallen champion, and added: "We don't want y'all for a cook no more, Skinner. You never was no good nohow. He turned to Helen and handed her a double handful of bank notes, and Berkeley Fresno buried his hands in his pockets and walked away. "Here's your coin, miss. If ever you get another hunch, let me know. An' here's yours, Mr. Speed; it's a weddin'-present from the Centipede." He fetched a deep sigh. "Thank the Lord we'll get somethin' 't eat from now on!"

Speed staggered to Skinner, who was still nursing his injury, and held

out his hand, whereat the cook winked his left eye gravely.

"The best man won," said Skinner, "and say—there's a parson at Albuquerque." Then he groaned loudly, and fell to massaging his foot.

There came a fluttering by his side, and Miss Blake's voice said to him, with sweetness and with pity:

"I'm so sorry you lost your position, Mr. Skinner. You're a splendid runner!"

"Never mind the job, miss, I've got something to remember it by." He pointed to a sash which lay beside him. "The loser gets the ribbon, miss," he explained gallantly.

Off to the right there came a new outcry, and far across the level prairie a strange sight was revealed to the beholders. A fat man in white flannels was doubling and dodging ahead of two horsemen, and even from a considerable distance it could plainly be seen that he was behaving with remarkable agility for one so heavy.

Repeatedly his pursuers headed him off, but he rushed past them, seemingly possessed by the blind sense of direction that guides the homing pigeon or the salmon in its springtime run. He was headed toward the east.

"Why, it's Larry!" ejaculated Speed. "And Cloudy and Carara."

"Wally, your man has lost his reason!" Chapin called.

At that instant the watchers saw the Mexican thunder down upon Glass, his lariar swinging about his head. Lazily the rope uncoiled and settled over the fleeing figure, then, amid a cloud of dust, Carara's horse set itself upon its haunches and the white-clad figure came to the end of its flight. There was a violent struggle, as if the cowboy had hooked a leaping tuna, cactus plants and sagebrush were uprooted, then the pony began to back away, always keeping the lariar taut. But Glass was no easy captive, as his thrashing arms and legs betrayed, and even when he was dragged back to the scene of the race, panting, grimy, disheveled, the rope still about his waist, he seemed obsessed by that wild insanity for



"I'm So Sorry You Lost Your Position, Mr. Skinner."

flight. He was drenched with perspiration, his collar was dangling, one end of a suspender trailed behind him. At sight of Speed he uttered a cry, then plunged through the crowd like a bull, but the lariar loop slipped to the neck and tightened like a hangman's noose.

"Larry," cried his employer, sharply, "have you lost your head?" "Ain't they g-got you yet?" queried the trainer in a straining voice. "You idiot, I won!"

"What!"

"I won—easy."



NOT AN OCCASION FOR MIRTH

Thoughtless People Laughed at Humorous Sight, but There Was Deep Pathos in Incident.

Why will we be so much amused at the other fellow's woes? The other fellow in this story was driving, and the horse was going at a clip, so the driver had his hands full to steer safely through the crowded streets. The only other occupant of the conveyance was a large nanny goat, standing on the seat. She was somewhat uneasy at the unusual means of locomotion, and being of a loving disposition, she would snuggle up to the driver and lick across the face, and nose his hair whenever the swaying vehicle gave her a chance. To a bus full of people with nothing to do but look on it was very funny, and calls and jeers to the busy driver did not add to his peace of mind. But had the hooters only known that the goat was being hurried through the city streets to save a little life!

Not far from Washington square there is a little house where a young mother lay dead and a sick infant was

"You won't!" Larry's eyes were starting from his head.

"He sure did," said Stover. Didn't you think he could?"

Glass apprehended that look of suspicion. "Certainly!" said he. "Didn't I say so, all along? Now take that clothes line off of me; I've got to run some more."

That evening J. Wallingford Speed and Helen Blake sat together in the hammock, and much of the time her hand was in his. From the bunkhouse across the courtyard floated the voice of the beloved Echo Phonograph, now sad, now gay; now shrilling the peaceful air with Mme. Melba's "Holy City," now wailing the echoes with the rasping reflections of "Silas on Fifth Avenue." To the spellbound audience gathered close beside it, it was divine; but deep as was their satisfaction, it could not compare with that of the tired young son of Eli. Ineffable peace and contentment were his; the whole wide world was full of melody.

"And now that I've told you what a miserable fraud I am, you won't stop loving me?" he questioned.

Helen nestled closer and shook her head. There was no need for words.

Jack Chapin came out upon the porch with the chaperon. "Well, Fresno caught his train," he told them.

"And we have had such a glorious drive coming back! The night is splendid!"

"Yes, so nice and moonlight!" Wally agreed pleasantly, whereat Jack Chapin laughed.

"It's as black as pitch."

"Why, so it is!" Then as a fresh song burst forth from the very heart of the machine, he murmured affectionately: "By Jove! there goes 'The Baggage Coach Ahead' once more! That makes ten times."

"It's a beautiful thing, isn't it?" Miss Blake sighed dreamily.

"I believe I'm learning to like it myself," her lover agreed. "Poor Fresno!"

The bridesmaids wore white organdie and carried violets.

THE END.

Frankly Answered.

Laudatory remarks about Black Orpingtons, Plymouth Rocks and other fancy breeds of fowl a few days ago reminded Congressman Henry Allen Cooper of a chicken dinner in Maryland.

The dinner, the congressman said, was given by a colored man named Ebenezer White, and the guest of the evening was George Washington Green, chief deacon of the little church that White occasionally attended.

Grace, of course, was eloquently said, and at its conclusion Mr. White began to carve the chicken. Then Deacon Green became facetious.

"Brudadd White," he smilingly remarked, "do dat nex' de neighbor ob yon keep chickens?"

"No, sah!" came the prompt response of Mr. White, as he deftly piled low a well-roasted wing, "but he try hard 'nuff to keep 'em."—Philadelphia Telegraph.

Wanted His Papa.

Leonard, a lovable and precocious boy of two and a half years, is very fond of his father. One day, studying the big, large figured calendar in his mother's kitchen, he asked why some of the figures were red and others black. Mother explained that the red letters were Sundays. "The days when papa stays home!" the bright baby exclaimed. A little later another calendar was brought into the house, and at sight of its plain black lettering, Leonard cried: "There's no red letter Sundays for papa to stay home on," he sobbingly explained.

Runaway Unites Lovers.

Kublar, Colo.—James Sheen was reunited to his sweetheart of 35 years ago, Miss Amy Dodd, whom he had thought dead, when a runaway accident brought them together.

Masonic Commander Dead.

Murfreesboro, Tenn.—After a month's illness, Maj. James D. Richardson, sovereign grand commander of the Scottish Rite Masons, southern jurisdiction, is dead at his home at Murfreesboro. He had been in feeble health the last four years.

Girls Canning Eggs.

New York.—Girl canners may take the places of strikers who have quit. Produce merchants are seriously thinking of employing girls to handle the barnyard product.

Too Noisy, Shoots Two.

Chicago.—Claiming they made so much noise during the day he could not sleep, Ludvig Mazorowski, a night watchman, shot and wounded two employees of a dairy.

Three Killed as Auto Upsets.

San Diego, Cal.—J. M. Whitley, his daughter, Mrs. George Pace, and her 11-month-old son were killed when their automobile turned over on a grade near Lakeside.

Makes "Dive of Death."

Bridgeport, Conn.—Seeking to emulate a high diving feat he had witnessed, Francis Peters crawled to the branches of a high tree and made a "dive of death" in a pond. His friends had tried to stop him.

Snake Turns on Charming.

Roslyn, Wis.—In full view of a big crowd of men and women seeing the sights of a carnival here, Myrtle Wilson, a snake-charmer, was bitten by a rattlesnake and died later. In the crowd was the woman's husband.

4 SLAIN; 60 SHOT IN DUBLIN BATTLE

KING'S TROOPS FIRE INTO JEERING MOB WHICH HAD BOMBARDED THEM.

SEVEN ARE EXPECTED TO DIE

Battalion Were Seeking Big Shipment of Ammunition Smuggled in by Irish Nationalists for Use in Home Rule Battles.

Dublin.—Three men and one woman are dead and more than 60 wounded persons are in a hospital as the result of a battalion of the king's own Scottish borderers firing into a mob in the streets of Dublin. Seven of the wounded are expected to die. Among them are three women and a boy aged 10.

The affray was the climax of a gun-running exploit of the National volunteers, who were being aided by a mob composed largely of women and youths. A consignment of rifles, said to number 10,000, was landed at Howth, nine miles from Dublin, from a private yacht. The Nationalist volunteers cut the telegraph wires, stopped travel on the Dublin roads and, according to reports, sent away most of the rifles, together with 70,000 rounds of ammunition, in motor cars.

Mob Cheers for Redmond.

A battalion of the king's own Scottish borderers was ordered to capture the arms when the authorities heard the volunteers were bringing them into the city. The soldiers encountered a detachment of volunteers at Clonmel bridge and an outbreak resulted.

Soon a great crowd collected and followed the troops, jeering them and cheering for John Redmond, the Nationalist leader, and home rule. Finally the mob began throwing bottles and stones, injuring several soldiers. To this attack the battalion replied with a scattered fusillade. In an instant the street was covered with wounded, while terrified men, women and children ran in all directions.

Many Rifles Seized.

St. Juras hospital is situated only 200 yards from the scene of the affray and the wounded were quickly taken there, where four of them died. The soldiers and police seized a hundred rifles. The borderers are confined to barracks to prevent the people attacking them. A steet car, in which a soldier was riding, was wrecked, but the soldier escaped. Further rioting is feared.

"Dead" Woman Makes Protest.

Waterbury, Conn.—Mrs. Elizabeth Tanner, 58, while being removed from the room where she "died" in an undertaker's transportation case, shocked the attendants with a yell of protest against the rough manner in which they were handling her body, and directed them, by no means mildly, to be more careful.

Mexico Peace at Hand.

Washington.—Confident that peace was at hand, in Mexico, administration officials awaited the outcome of the meeting at Tampico between Carranza and Reginaldo Copeland, envoy of the Carral government, to arrange for the transfer of administration in Mexico City.

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MINISTER OF SERBIA GIVEN HIS PASSPORT

ACT BY AUSTRIA IS DEEMED EQUIVALENT TO A DECLARATION OF WAR.

SERBIAN SOLDIERS FIRE ON AUSTRIAN INFANTRY

Vienna, Austria.—No declaration of war has been issued and it is believed that none will be, since Serbia did not subscribe to The Hague convention. The sending of his passports to the Serbian minister, M. Janovitch, by the Austrian foreign office, however, is deemed equivalent to a declaration of war.

This action has been taken. M. Janovitch will leave immediately. In his absence the Russian ambassador will take charge of Serbian interests. According to a Semlin rumor, the first encounter between Austria and Serbia has occurred near Semendria, on the Danube, 24 miles southeast of Belgrade. Some vessels conveying Austrian infantry were said to have been fired on from the Serbian side of the Danube and to have returned the fire.

All Business Houses Close.



KAISER WILHELM OF GERMANY.

After the removal of the Serbian court from Belgrade all business houses shut down and there was an exodus of families in overloaded conveyances.

Belgrade presented a picture of the greatest confusion. A panic among inhabitants was caused by rumors of the imminent entry of the Austrians and the bombardment of the town.

Toward nightfall the mob from the outskirts attempted to pillage the houses. Troops fired a volley, dispersing them. Grave excesses also occurred in the northern quarter of the city.

The Belgrade garrison completed evacuation of Belgrade, only a force designed to cover its movements remaining behind. The Serbian authorities are concentrating large bodies of troops in the neighborhood of Semendria.

There were patriotic demonstrations through the city, though a heavy rain was falling. Great crowds gathered in front of the war department and cheered all who appeared. Processions with flags flying filled the streets.

A general mobilization in Montenegro is reported. Italy has informed Austria that in event of armed conflict with Serbia she will adopt a friendly attitude in accordance with her relations with the triple alliance.

Proclamations have been posted ordering partial mobilizations.

The imperial decree gives the government enormous powers to insure the secrecy of its measures. The authorities are entitled to open all letters. Only telegrams approved by the censor can be dispatched to any point. Newspapers publishing details of military preparations or movements can be suppressed.

Railroads Are Guarded.

All railroads are guarded by sentries with orders to use their arms on any person who fails to stop when commanded.

The prospect of war is not regarded here as child's play. The Serbians put 400,000 men into the field during the Balkan wars. Both officers and men are passionately patriotic.

It is expected that Serbia will attempt to hold the front along the Danube and the Drina with only a weak force, while the greater part of the army will be concentrated in the central district probably near Nish or Grouguyevetz, and another strong force in the Sanjak of Novi-pazar, which will be destined for offensive operations against Bosnia.

Miss the Best Things.

A gay, serene spirit is the source of all that is noble and good. Petty, gloomy souls that only mourn the past and dread the future are not capable of seizing upon the holiest moments of life.—Schiller.

Counsel for Life.

What never ran smooth yet can hardly be expected to change its character for us, so we must take it as we find it and fashion it into the very best shape we can by patience and good humor.—Charles Dickens.

NO EXPERT WITNESS NEEDED

Quite Evident Mr. Miggs Was Right When He Testified as to the Handwriting.

"Label, indeed!" Old Miggs repeated the words to himself dutifully and uncomprehendingly, as he tramped along to the court, where he was to appear as witness in a local libel suit.

Nervously he entered the witness box.

The fierce looking lawyer eyed him calculatingly.

"Do you swear," he asked, "that this is not your handwriting?"

"I don't think so," stammered Miggs.

"Now, be careful," intimated the lawyer. "Are you prepared to swear that this handwriting does not resemble yours?"

"Yes," answered Miggs trembling.

"You take your oath that this does not in any way resemble your handwriting?" solemnly queried the learned man.

"Yes, sir," stammered the witness, now thoroughly frightened.

"Well, then, prove it!" denounced the lawyer, triumphantly, as he thrust his head toward the witness.

This action woke the last spark of drooping courage in poor Miggs, and, thrusting forth his head, he yelled:

"Cos I can't write!"

Snakes Got His Roll.

"I lost \$325 trying to kill rattlesnakes, and now I am going to walk back to my home in Brooklyn," explained a man about forty-five years old, who said he is Ezra Sellen.

Sellen said he started for a walk from his boarding place, encountered a lot of rattlesnakes, killed some, fled from the others, waded a stream, and then missed his roll of bills. He said he had just money enough left to ride to this city and took the state road out of town—Middletown (N. Y.) Dispatch to New York World.

Law's Uncertainties.

"When you poke a toad," said old Farmer Hornbeck, philosophically, "you can't tell which way he will jump, nor how far; an' it is just about the same way with a jury."

"That so?" returned young Jay Green, in a noncommittal way.

"Yep. For instance, in the case of Plunk Jarvis, who has just been tried for killing a rattlesnake, the jury pulled out his brother-in-law's whiskers by the roots in a fight, the jury discharged Plunk an' fined his brother-in-law 10 cents, the regular price of a shave."—Puck.

Abundant Comment.

Theodore Dreiser, the realist, said of an idealist at the Players' club in New York:

"The man's comments on life are ludicrous and absurd. They remind me of the old lady's comment on the work of the militant suffragettes for 'pullin' out his brother-in-law's whiskers by the roots in a fight, the jury discharged Plunk an' fined his brother-in-law 10 cents, the regular price of a shave.'—Puck.

Carelessness Cause of Fires.

More than 50 per cent of all fires are caused by simple carelessness, which is unnecessary and criminal. Repairs to dilapidated buildings, the removal of all fire breeding material, care in burning weeds and rubbish, the placing of engines at a safe distance from buildings, the removal of oily waste, proper ventilation—in brief, plain common sense, will minimize the danger from this class of fires.

As Usual.

Englishman—The suffragettes saluted the prime minister this morning.

American—Did they fire 21 guns?

Englishman—No; houses.—Life.

It is possible to be a man of many parts by trying to be all the different kinds of fool at once.

PRIZE FOOD.

Palatable, Economical, Nourishing.